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# RECEPTION AND DINNER

IN HONOR OF

THE FIFTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY OF

## AUGUSTUS PEABODY GARDNER

A PIONEER FOR PREPAREDNESS

By The Roosevelt Club

HOTEL WESTMINSTER BOSTON

NOVEMBER 5-1921

Published by  
THE ROOSEVELT CLUB  
(Incorporated)

Boston

FOR ITS MEMBERS

Tricolor Series No. 5

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1922



"In his delirium, his mind was still working and concentrated on his favorite theme of preparedness, infallible evidence of the sincerity of his belief."

*Keenan.*

## AUGUSTUS PEABODY GARDNER

Born — Boston — November 5 — 1865

Harvard College A. B. 1886

Captain — Assistant Adjutant General — War of 1898

Service in Porto Rico

Massachusetts Senate — 1900 — 1901

Congress — 1902 — 1917 — Resigned

For Service in The World War

Major\* — U. S. National Guard

Died — January 14 — 1918

Camp Wheeler — Georgia

With Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood

### A PIONEER FOR PREPAREDNESS

\* Having been demoted, at his own request, from Colonel, to facilitate service over-seas

# The Roosevelt Club

(INCORPORATED)

Boston

## A RESOLUTION

on the death of

## AUGUSTUS PEABODY GARDNER

"Unique and stimulating, his charm and vigor set off in outline sharp, against men anaemic and palsied, in their hopes, in their fawning for favor, and in their fear of frowns, he gloried in a life outside the ruts ; hand-made and not machine-made, too few of his kind ; always going somewhere, and human enough to chance mistakes, and big enough to overshadow them ; true to his own nature, in times when politicians play a part, he was as much himself in public as in private life ; a hard worker, a hard fighter, alive and courageous, brilliant and picturesque, the most interesting figure in many pages of the political history of the Commonwealth ; he left us with a sense of loss as of our own, and the world better for his having been of it."

By  
Y. C. 1922  
m. c. 1922

"Those who make history and give life its charm are those who are not controlled by the fear of mistakes, and who dare walk outside the ruts."

The Mirrors of Hamilton.

"Wake Up—America—Wake Up"

A. P. G.

"Spend and be spent."

T. R.

"He died for the cause as much as a man against a bunch of machine-gun nests."

General Edwards.

A Pioneer for Preparedness.

## SPEAKERS

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HON. R. M. WASHBURN,

Of Boston. Lawyer.  
President of The Roosevelt Club.  
Chairman.  
Gardner-Roosevelt Big Four 1916.

ODIN ROBERTS, Esq.,

Of Boston. Patent lawyer.  
Of Gardner-Harvard Class of '86.

HON. WILLFRED WEYMOUTH LUFKIN,

Of Essex. Journalist.  
Former Congressman.  
Collector of the Port.  
Fifteen years-Congressional Secretary to A. P. G.

COL. GEORGE FRANCIS KEENAN,

Of Boston. Surgeon.  
Military Associate of A. P. G.

HON. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH,

Of Cincinnati, Ohio. Lawyer.  
Congressman.  
Son-in-law of T. R.  
Congressional Colleague and Intimate of A. P. G.

MRS. CONSTANCE GARDNER MINOT,

Of Beverly and Washington.  
Daughter of A. P. G.

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### AT THE TABLE OF HONOR

ADAM D. CLAFLIN.  
GEORGE P. DRURY.  
WILLIAM AMORY GARDNER.  
COL. GEORGE F. KEENAN.  
HON. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.  
HON. W. W. LUFKIN.

WILLIAM H. MCSWEENEY.  
MRS. CONSTANCE G. MINOT.  
ODIN ROBERTS.  
HON. JOSEPH WALKER.  
HON. JOSEPH E. WARNER.  
HON. R. M. WASHBURN.



## THE ROOSEVELT CLUB

(Incorporated)

Boston.

*In Honor of*

AUGUSTUS PEABODY GARDNER

The Reception being concluded, at Seven p. m., Sharp, the Diners being seated, with stirring music, the President of The Roosevelt Club entered the Banquet Hall, escorting Mrs. Constance Gardner Minot, daughter of Augustus Peabody Gardner, and ten other distinguished citizens.

*The Chairman.*

One word before you eat. May I suggest to each one of you, to open a conversation, both sides of you, whether you are known to each other or not, and indifferent how repellant they appear. If it goes hard, tell them something about your children, if you have any, and what they have been saying, which seems bright to you, and will interest you, if not them. Forget that you are Bostonese. Warm up the Dinner.

*[Dinner.]*

[When the Toastmaster called the Dinner to order, Atherton N. Hunt, Esq., of Braintree, immediately arose. "Mr. Chairman, I desire to propose a Resolution, involving you, Sir." The Chairman, thereupon, asked the Vice-President of the Club, the Hon. Joseph Walker, to preside. Mr. Hunt, in a short speech, then moved the unanimous standing adoption of the following Resolution, which motion was seconded in a speech by Hon. Silas D. Reed, of Taunton.

"Resolved:—That we, members and guests of The Roosevelt Club, at this dinner in honor of the fifty-sixth birthday of Augustus Peabody Gardner, take pleasure in recognizing our obligation to the Honorable Robert M. Washburn, the organizer of the Club and now its President. His strong capacity, high purpose, enthusiastic devotion to the Club, and untiring industry

in its interest, are the chief causes of its success. Nothing good can be accomplished without labor. The result produced is the measure of his toil. May he have many happy, prosperous, vigorous years."

Mr. Walker, thereupon, submitted the Resolution to a vote, and, all standing, it was declared by him, as unanimously adopted.]

*The Chairman.*

Had I reason to suspect the nature of this Resolution, I should have directed that these two gentlemen be immediately removed from the room. Seriously, your praise is very sweet to me. I deeply appreciate it, and I warmly thank you.

The Roosevelt Club, of which I am, I hope, but the humble instrument, welcomes you all, here, tonight. Further, it wishes it distinctly understood, however, now, that we have come together, not to mourn but to rejoice in the study and the stimulus of the life of Augustus Peabody Gardner.

Pursuant to a practice established in Boston by The Roosevelt Club, it is now proud to tell you, what you are entitled to know, at the very outset, whom it has found to sit in these seats of distinction, at the table of honor, and who, with reason, now look down upon you with great satisfaction, and some commiseration.

Beginning on my extreme right, sits Col. George F. Keenan, a speaker of the evening, exhaustively described on the Menu, and of whom, more, later.

Then comes Hon. W. W. Lufkin, also to speak, tonight.

Then comes Adams Davenport Claflin, of Newton Centre. Mr. Claflin is largely interested in transportation, and the only cloud upon the evening, to him, is that so many of you have come here in motors, or even walked, and not in trollies. He shares, with Mrs. Minot, notable family affiliations. He is a brother-in-law of a former Speaker; a son-in-law of a former Congressman; and a son of a former Governor. He has always lived in a political atmosphere. He was a class-mate of A. P. Gardner.

Then comes Odin Roberts, Esq., also a speaker of the evening.

Then comes the Hon. Joseph Walker, of Brookline, a lawyer, and a former Speaker. He is one of those many, too few men whose allegiance to T. R. goes back of his death, when he could use votes.

He is Vice-President of The Roosevelt Club, the brightest jewel in his crown.

Then comes Mrs. Constance Gardner Minot, also a speaker of the evening, our most welcome guest.

Beginning on my immediate left, sits the Hon. Nicholas Longworth, also a speaker of the evening.

Then comes William Amory Gardner, Esq., a brother of A. P. Gardner. He early sought sanctuary, according to "The Mirrors of Hamilton," in the chaste seclusion of Groton school, of which he was a Founder and is a Master of Greek. This compelled his brother to plunge into the mire of politics, in order that the average plane of the family might be kept within the reach of the plain people.

Then comes William H. McSweeney, Esq., a lawyer of Salem. Of him, Mrs. Gardner says:—"Major Gardner has no more eloquent friend."

Then comes the Hon. Joseph E. Warner, a lawyer of Taunton, and also a former Speaker. No man has exceeded his high purpose, *in* the legislature. This may not be strong praise, so that it might be added:—or *outside* the legislature. He is Lieutenant-Governor of the Commonwealth, not *de facto*, but *de jure*. He is a member of the Executive Committee of the Club.

Then comes, finally, George P. Drury, Esq., of Waltham, a lawyer in Boston. He is the father of the Club. I am its mother. The idea was his; the execution, largely mine, if I may so add, with modesty. He is, also, a member of the Executive Committee of the Club.

No Dinner of The Roosevelt Club would be complete without the presence of the Elephant, which stands before us, symbolic of the G. O. P. It is a rampant elephant, a trumpeter and a fighter, and so peculiarly appropriate at a Dinner in honor of Augustus Peabody Gardner. This Club was first thought of, in December, 1918, as *The Gardner Club*. Then, in January, 1919, Roosevelt died.

There are but two clouds upon the evening, the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Constance Gardner, and of Charles Sumner Bird. The former stood close, as a stimulus, to A. P. Gardner. Charles Sumner Bird has always stood close to The Roosevelt Club, and is the leader of the followers of T. R. in Massachusetts.

[A letter from Mrs. Gardner was then read, which is appended.]

The hardest effort always for me, and which I shall try to make towards the success of the evening, is silence, as far as possible for me. What I could and should have said to you, tonight, of Augustus Peabody Gardner, has already gone out to our members in my own, "The Mirrors of Hamilton," of which I shall, at times, submit excerpts to you, and which I look upon as the Bible of the evening. This course of attempted silence, on my part, is made less hard for me because we have others here who are better qualified to talk to you than I am, whom I shall introduce to you, in the chronological order of the activities of A. P. Gardner, and which they represent; his college class, his family, politics, Congress, and the Army. May I, however, emphasize, as the preeminent theme of the evening, in my own opinion, that the greatest work of Augustus Peabody Gardner, for which he will live longest, was as *A Pioneer for Preparedness*.

Further, he siamesed himself onto the respect and, more, the admiration of those who followed his course, by the great quality of individuality. When too many others hope, too much, only to submerge themselves in safe majorities, he stood out, preeminently and deliciously, himself. He lived out the text of *The Mirrors of Hamilton*:—

"Those who make history and give life its charm are those who are not controlled by the fear of mistakes, and who dare walk outside the ruts."

To play my part, tonight, with at least a touch of intelligence, I asked Adams Claffin, a close friend of his, to tell me more than I knew of the first speaker of the evening. Versatility is his essence, said he. He is a lawyer, a mechanic, and yet he can write a poem and sail a boat. To talk for the Gardner-Harvard Class of '86, I introduce Odin Roberts, Esq.

ODIN ROBERTS, Esq.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: I have not failed to observe the evidence of chronological arrangement of this evening's program. It is perfectly obvious from that, had I not suspected it before, that my agreeable duty here this evening is to set before you as faithfully as I can, some picture of Augustus Gardner as he was when an undergraduate. At the very outset I wish to confess to you the great difficulty of that task, agreeable though it may be to attempt it. There is a popular saying, you know, that each one of us changes entirely his corporeal structure at least once in seven years. That may not be quantitatively accurate, but I think it is substantially true, and it must be remembered that it is now 35 years since the Class of '86 graduated from Harvard College.

In order to present to you a picture of Augustus Gardner, the undergraduate, it would be necessary to perform a miracle not only of memory, but of estimate and appreciation; to recreate an individuality and a consciousness which in the growth of its own organism ceased to be a long time ago. If asked to do the same for myself, I should find it utterly impossible because, just like every other member of the Class of '86, I am a very different person from what I was 35 years ago, and were Augustus Gardner living today, he, too, would be a very different person from the young man who graduated in 1886. Different? Yes,—different as the full-grown tree is from the seedling. The seedling held within it a model of what the tree was to be. That we know because it is true of every man in his growth from youth through manhood.

What can be the sources of information today of Augustus Gardner, the undergraduate? And believe me, ladies and gentlemen, I have given that problem not a little thought since your Chairman complimented me with an invitation to speak. I want to give you first a picture as briefly as I can of the environment which Harvard College in the middle eighties drew around its students. It was, I know, very different from the environment of the student today. We lived in almost untrammelled individual freedom. We were very little guided. That may have been unfortunate for those whose immaturity made them need guidance, but it was very fortunate I think for those of us who were mature enough and affirmative enough



in personality to guide themselves. They gained and gained wonderfully by the exercise of their own faculties in an atmosphere of freedom. So long as the not too exacting requirements in respect to attendance on lectures and morning prayers were observed by the student, he was left to his own resources. He was left to work out whatever law there was in his own being. And all the college classes were of the same kind. Indeed, certainly after the freshmen years, so liberal, so unrestrained, was the elective system that there was not any clear line of demarcation between sophomore and junior and senior, and there was not therefore any solidarity or any cause of solidarity which made the college class a real group, with group consciousness. The college class in those days was not really a group. Our class like the others never came into contact as a group with college authorities or with other social forces. Such an aggregate as that was by no means suited to receive any distinct impress from a pronounced individual character like that of Augustus Gardner.

How was he estimated? What was his mode of thought? What were his aspirations during that term? To say that I know would be to go too far from the truth. I can only guess. I believe he had then an impulse and aspiration toward political work, toward political organization. He made himself a trifle unpopular in his early college career because he and a small group who sympathized with him, perhaps too obviously tried to organize class politics. We were much too individualistic for that, and I think, or rather, guessing at this long range of 35 to 40 years, I guess his classmates misunderstood him. Many of them estimated Augustus as a self-conceited person. That was perhaps a natural judgment for the undergraduate, whose judgments are always very hasty and very cocksure. We have lost a great deal of that unerring wisdom which we had when under-graduates. But the quality in Augustus Gardner which made his classmates or some of them say he was a self-conceited man was not self-conceit at all as we know now. It was sureness of himself, it was self-confidence; it was that affirmative quality of knowing his own mind and not being afraid to speak it in unequivocal terms, which was likely translated by his fellow-undergraduates into other and less admirable characteristics. He was not a popular man in college. I don't mean that he was unpopular; not at all. But I think rather of the great popularity of some of our classmates to whom the choicest honors in the gift of the class were tendered, and who, since graduation, have failed to

fulfill, conspicuously failed to fulfill, the promise which their popularity at that time may seem to have held.

Gardner was fastidious. He was a young man of good taste in social matters. That made some think that he was a person aloof. I don't think so at all. The diversity of the interests which he had in college proves the contrary. He was a member of a great many different societies and organizations, some of them literary and serious. He was the editor of one of the college papers for a while. He was not conspicuously an athlete, but was interested in athletics, and he went out with this team and that one. He played on the class ball team. There was everything there, a receptive mind, a humanly sympathetic nature, an aptitude for diverse intellectual occupations, and a healthy body.

One thing I can state from recollection with confidence and accuracy. No matter what their individual preferences or the reverse might have been, in respect to Augustus Gardner, his classmates all knew that he was a real person, and they knew it from the beginning of the freshman year until they graduated, and they all respected him.

In his letter to your President, Mr. Washburn, Tom Baldwin, our class secretary has alluded to the fact that year after year Gardner was elected to the position of class secretary. While the position of undergraduate class secretary was not one of great responsibility, the circumstance that the class invariably reposed that trust in Gardner from year to year, as we were all developing together, is an index of the respect which all of the class, which all of the classmates felt for him.

I must not go into those epochs and episodes of Gardner's later career with which I am more familiar, as are all of us, than with that time of undergraduate life, because if I tried to I should be encroaching on territory reserved for speakers who come after me and who can occupy that territory very much more effectively than I can. But I must say something about Augustus Gardner's entry into politics as a vocation, and the way he entered into it.

I had some talk with Gardner long ago now, when he had certainly determined to be a politician; and the thoroughness of the man was shown in what he was doing then and what he proposed to do. We had not then begun to use the word "preparedness," but he was preparing himself. He practised then what he preached later. Politics was not to be for him an avocation. He went into it deliberately, to

go through all the stages of apprenticeship, the town meeting, the caucus, the State Legislature, and so on. He was going to do it, as he did, thoroughly as a business, as a profession or rather, to use a higher word which is true of it, as a calling. And in selecting that career, Gardner again emphasized his individuality. It was an exceptional thing for a college man to do, unfortunately, but the law of his being apparently was to do and say the thing that he felt impelled to do, that he felt was right for him. The law of his being always contained the imperative clause, and that imperative characterized him to the very end.

At the quinquennial anniversaries of the class of 1886, it has always been the custom for the Secretary to read in the presence of the standing class the names of our classmates who have died. In our earlier reunions, I remember with what apparent dismay we heard the names of our classmates who were dead. We felt a protest against the invasion by so unthinkable a thing as death, into the youthful territory we then occupied, but as time has gone on and each man is so much nearer the day when his name, too, shall be added to that list, we have heard it with increasing tranquility. And we have heard sundry names read, and hearing them has given us solemn pride in the achievements, the sound, genuine and permanent success of the men who have ceased to be, a pride that we, his classmates who were associated with them, identified with them if only by the fact of having graduated in the same year, feel deeply. When that list is full and there is no voice left either to read it or to hear it, no one name on it will wear greener laurels and stand in higher respect and honor than the name of Augustus Gardner. [Applause.]



### *The Chairman.*

The Mirrors of Hamilton has this portrait of Mr. Lufkin, of the house of Gardner :—

“The third partner of the house was the Honorable T. Lufkin, christened, Willfred. Rubicund and roly-poly he was, even in his infancy, and even the plumpest of the robin redbreasts, upon the grass, looked upon him as a kinsman. Later, identified with a news sheet which succeeded in appearing, daily, he naturally knew everyone, but, unnaturally, was liked by everyone. He was an admirable and essential link between his Chief and just folks. He might now easily draw a comfortable salary in a museum of curios as one who has gone out of Congress, voluntarily. With much reason he venerates the memory of A. P. Gardner, who gave him the opportunities which he was bright enough to see, and strong enough to seize. He has always had ambition. This never hurts. His goal has always been the stars. He is now logically happy in an eyrie in the top of the Customs House Tower, heights far above those even of Essex, an office higher than that of Governor. It has been asked, in the scriptures, can a man be born, again. This question, to the Honorable T. Lufkin, has no interest unless it is to be born, again, in Hamilton, in which event this census would have been raised to two. It is enough to say of him that he is a success, and high in our hearts so long as he is Collector of other treasures than our own, not forgetful of his own salary.”

It ought to give Mr. Lufkin great satisfaction, that his appointment as Collector of the Port gave the same great satisfaction, to all.

A. P. Gardner was a politician, which is much to say for him, although this is a much misused term. Mr. Lufkin will talk to you about him, as a politician, and no one knew him better as a politician than his Congressional Secretary, for fifteen years, the Hon. W. W. Lufkin.

HON. W. W. LUFKIN

*Mr. President and members of The Roosevelt Club, ladies and gentlemen.*

Every time I hear a quotation read from "The Mirrors of Hamilton," and especially a quotation concerning myself, I appreciate that great document, more and more.

I want at the outset to extend my appreciation to Mr. Washburn, the worthy President of this organization, for promoting me in his program here to the ranks of the journalist. I wish very much that the good old gentleman who used to edit my copy, when I was a plain cub reporter, struggling occasionally perhaps to rise to the rank of correspondent—I wish that gentleman might be here tonight to see the great honor that has been bestowed upon me, elevating me to the rank held only in Boston by the Hon. James T. Williams, Jr., and the Hon. Robert Lincoln O'Brien.

I am very glad of the opportunity of coming here tonight for several reasons; first, to join with the members of this organization in extending a welcome to my good old friend, the Honorable Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio. Mr. President, had you searched the United States from one end to the other, you could not have found a more fitting guest of honor for a dinner of The Roosevelt Club, in memory of the late Augustus P. Gardner, because, my friends, Longworth and Gardner had many things in common. They were friends almost from boyhood. They enjoyed another distinction in that they both had distinguished fathers-in-law. They were born on the same day. They were elected to Congress the first time on the same day; and for fifteen years, with a two-year intermission, when Longworth was out, they labored together as co-workers at Washington, always standing for the same high ideals in public service.

And I want personally to say a word about Mr. Longworth. I first met him at the late Major Gardner's house, way back in 1902, and he has been my good friend ever since. I have watched him rise from a new and inconspicuous member of the House, until today he is one of the real leaders in that great body. When Nick Longworth rises in the House of Representatives, he is sure of an attentive audience, because his colleagues there have learned from long experience that when he opens his mouth, he not only knows

what he is talking about, but is sure to add something to the sum total of human intelligence of the legislators who make up the American Congress.

We are going to have a new leadership, next year. Somebody may say:—"Thank God." Somebody else may say:—"We hope so." But I want to say this:—that the House of Representatives, of the Sixty-Eighth Congress, when it assembles, could do no better in my opinion than to elect as the Republican floor leader of that body, our guest here tonight, the Hon. Nicholas Longworth of Ohio. [Applause.]

But, my friends, we are here for another purpose. We are here on the anniversary of his birth to pay tribute to a great American citizen, one of the greatest American citizens that it has ever been my privilege to meet, and to my mind one of the greatest of this generation. In the twenty minutes allotted me here, it would be almost impossible to even attempt to pay a fitting eulogy to that great man. It would be almost impossible to attempt even to give in any detail my observations on some of the reasons why he was great, some of the reasons why he has so much endeared himself in the hearts of the American people. And so I am simply going to touch on what seem to me to be three outstanding characteristics of his brilliant mind and unusual character.

First, his wonderful capacity for organization; second, his unselfish devotion towards the public welfare rather than towards his own advancement; and, third, his almost uncanny power to look ahead and see what was best for the people, while the rest of us were groping along in the old avenues; as the President has expressed it, groping along in the darkness. And I think perhaps the occasion of my first meeting with Mr. Gardner illustrates better than anything else that wonderful power of his for organization, that wonderful ability to master the details of every movement he undertook, to assemble around him the many atoms which go to make up an irresistible body.

When I was twenty-one years old, a good while ago, I was elected a member of the School Board in the Town of Essex; just why, I never knew, except that perhaps the people had tired of the old crowd, and thought I could probably do as little harm to the schools as the Board then in power. But at all events, I was elected. It was not a great office, although in those days when gray hair was considered the first qualification for service in that august body,

it looked pretty large to me. I think the salary was \$60 a year. I was at that time also the local correspondent for the Boston Herald, and, by a strange coincidence, the Sunday following the town meeting, there was a very complimentary article in the Herald, including a very handsome picture of your humble servant, and about a third of a column about the youngest school committeeman in Massachusetts. I am not sure whether that was correct or not; but I knew, being only twenty-one years of age, that at least I was tied for the honor, and I thought that from a publicity point of view the local correspondent was entitled to that much license in giving me the benefit of the doubt.

Major Gardner in those days used to read the newspapers religiously, as he always did, and apparently he read in the Sunday Herald, that day, of a new star which had risen in the Sixth Congressional District, because in a week or ten days—he was then our State Senator—he called at my office in Gloucester, and said he had dropped in to congratulate the youngest School Committeeman and wanted to know me. He gave me, I remember very distinctly, a 25-cent cigar—and 25-cent cigars to a cub reporter were not of every-day occurrence. A year later I found myself associated with Major Gardner in his first campaign for Congress, and one of the first tasks he assigned to me was to put in order an enormous card catalogue, containing the names of everyone worth while in that district. Not only the man's name, but his wife's, his children's names, political and religious affiliations, his recreations, his telephone number, and the very best way to get in touch with him, appeared on each card. And as I was laboring with all those hundreds and hundreds of cards, to my great surprise, I came across one which interested me. It was headed:—"Lufkin, W. W., Essex, Newspaper man, Reporter, elected to School Board at 21. Must be some fellow. Cultivate him." [Laughter.]

Major Gardner had cultivated, had converted me, as he had cultivated everybody in that district, and converted most of them, and when a young man's name appeared in the newspaper, whether as having been elected to the School Board, or having made a touch-down on his foot-ball team, or having come into Gloucester on his first trip as a skipper, that man's name went into that great catalogue, that man was cultivated, and in four cases out of five, inside of three months that man became a member of the today much-discussed, "Gardner Machine" (laughter). And it was the same in every other



organization movement which he undertook. Whether in the State, at large, in Congress, in his great "preparedness" campaign, or in that great work in London at the outbreak of the War in organizing to care for the thousands of American citizens who found themselves stranded on European soil, he always went down to the very roots and into every detail of every movement.

Augustus P. Gardner was criticised during his lifetime for being impetuous; for riding rough-shod over other people without regard to their rights. My friends, no greater libel than that was ever made against any public man. I was associated with him for 15 years, practically a member of his household, and, during that period, I think I can safely say, that I was in his company, at one time or another, during some part of each of the 24 hours which go to make up our day. And during all those years, during all that time, I never in my life remember hearing Augustus P. Gardner make an unjust criticism, or utter an unkind word against any political associate or antagonist, to any member of his office force, to any member of his family, or even to the servants in that household. And I say to you, again, that to my mind no greater tribute can be paid to any man; and particularly, to a man of the nervous energy of Augustus P. Gardner, whose every fibre was alive every minute, anxious to be accomplishing something new, anxious to be advancing the policies for which he stood.

Augustus P. Gardner was likewise criticised during his lifetime for being a politician, and for thinking only of his own welfare. On the first charge, I agree with the President of this club, and I thank God that he was a politician. If he had not been a politician, he would not have been Augustus P. Gardner, he would not have succeeded, and would not have accomplished the things which he did. Read the history of this country, from the beginning, and every time that you will show me a really great man in our Government, I will show you a great politician. Because, after all, the man in public service who succeeds is the man who knows his people, and no man can know his people here in America without being a successful politician in every sense.

As to the accusation of selfishness and desire to gain his own ends, I want to cite another illustration. In 1914, Major Gardner, broken in health by his continuous service in Washington and here in Massachusetts, on the orders of his physicians, went to Europe for a complete rest. He had been there but a few weeks when the

war broke out. Major Gardner, true to form as usual, forgot that he was over there for a rest, forgot his physician's orders, forgot entirely his own comfort and welfare, and immediately volunteered his services at the American Embassy in London. His offer was accepted and he organized and directed, in those opening weeks of the war, the work of looking after the thousands of Americans stranded in London, provided them with temporary abodes, provided them with American money, and eventually provided them with transportation back home. While he was engaged in that work, which he has often told me he considered one of his greatest accomplishments, opposition to his nomination came up back here in Massachusetts. A young and energetic man went from one end of the district to the other, making a real modern up-to-date campaign, criticising Major Gardner for being absent while Congress was in session, for leaving the district unrepresented, and moreover criticising him because, in the opinion of this candidate, his votes had not been right, in the House of Representatives. The campaign became troublesome,—so much so that many of his friends said that Gardner must come back and “look after his fences” or he will be beaten. I wrote him and cabled him to that effect, and he immediately replied and said:—“My first duty is here in London, to look after my countrymen. Until that work is completed the campaign must go on without me, regardless of the consequences.” That work was not completed until one week before the primaries, and he arrived in New York on the Friday preceding the Tuesday on which the primary was to be held. His friends were so alarmed that they had arranged a great demonstration for him on his arrival at Hamilton, and I was beseeched on all sides by people who said:—“Gardner must make the greatest political speech of his career. He must answer this man. He must, in true Gardner style, meet these new issues and charges of his opponent.” And I went to New York and met the Major on his return. I told him of the situation, and I said:—“You, of course, have prepared your speech. I have made arrangements to have it published in every paper in the district, tomorrow, and I think it may save the day.” And he smiled and said:—“The speech I deliver tonight at Hamilton needs no preparation.” And in the presence of thousands of his constituents at that mass meeting, Gardner made that speech which needed no preparation. He did not mention his own candidacy, he did not mention his opponent, he did not mention the attacks which had been made upon

him. In fact, he did not discuss domestic questions, from beginning to end. But he spoke for over an hour of the war in Europe, of what he had seen over there, of the sacrifices which those people had made, and then endeavored to bring home in his strongest manner the necessity of America preparing itself for the day when a repetition of those conditions might take place here in the United States. And after the speech he said to me:—"You don't think much of that speech, do you, Luf?" I said:—"Well, I never heard a political speech exactly like that, on the eve of an election, and I don't believe it will make many votes." But with that one speech going out into that district, my friends, when the returns of the primary were made known on the following Tuesday, he had carried every city and town in the district by a combined margin of more than 7 to 1. That was the way Gardner thought of himself when the interests of the people of this country were at stake.

My last intimate relations with Major Gardner were during the month of March, 1917, when I spent two weeks with him at the Myopia Club at Hamilton. I think they were probably two of the most delightful weeks of my life. We worked mornings, exercised afternoons, and in the evening sat before the big open fire, and discussed happenings of the past, and possible happenings of the future. And it was during those two weeks that I realized, more than ever before, perhaps, that wonderful faculty of his, in looking ahead and prophesying what was going to happen.

We knew then that war was shortly to be declared, and he told me during that week, of his decision to go into the service, that he was not going to retain his seat in Congress, but would resign and cut loose entirely. And the one thing that troubled him, apparently, was the fear that some man might be elected to succeed him who possibly would be swayed by the pacifist propaganda then sweeping over this land. We talked it over, from every angle. He told me that prohibition was coming, although at that time it had gained only a feeble foothold. He told me that suffrage was coming. He told me that we must be prepared to anticipate many of those great social reforms which are today a part of the structure of this Government. He said:—"I shall not come back from this war, in all probability; but, if I do, I shall never return to Congress again." And he urged me to be a candidate to succeed him. And I shall never forget, as long as I live, his parting advice on the day he left Washington, to report for duty at Governor's Island, New York.

*At the station in Washington, as he shook my hand, he said:—  
“If you are elected to represent our district in Congress, Lufkin,  
don’t ever be afraid to take your stand on all public questions, even  
if it be on the cold and barren hillside of a yea and nay vote. More  
people have been killed, politically, by dodging embarrassing ques-  
tions than by standing up and facing the music, and then going back  
to their people and stating frankly the reasons for their actions.”*

My friends, there has probably never been a time in the history of this country when our National Government and our State Government was so much in need of men who typified that spirit as today. I care not which party is in power. The time has come in the administration of our public affairs when men elected to office must stand up and be counted just as Gardner stood up and was counted; the time has come when they must tell the people what they propose to do and why they propose to do it.

Many great men fail to be appreciated until after they are dead. Roosevelt was a shining example of this, and so was Gardner. They were misunderstood. They were accused of insincerity while they were alive, but today their careers stand out as shining beacons to the young man or woman considering adopting a life career in the public service. In all his twenty years of public life, Augustus P. Gardner made mistakes, the same as every other human being. But he never made a mistake, intentionally. As I said on the floor of the House, at the time of his death:—“Regardless of Major Gardner’s other shortcomings, no man ever accused him of hitting below the belt.”

In conclusion, Augustus P. Gardner has been missed in the American Congress and in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts as probably no other man in our time, and, to sum it all up, my friends, when I think of Augustus P. Gardner as I knew him, during all those years, I think of him in the lines of the poet:—

“He was a man, take him all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like, again.”

[Applause.]



### *The Chairman.*

To represent the Army, tonight, The Roosevelt Club might have sought, first, for rank and asked Secretary Weeks or General Pershing. We wanted, first, however, someone close to Major Gardner. We have him, in one who served in the Army, with him; attended him, as a physician, in his last illness; directed the arrangements for the funeral; and was of the escort of the body to Arlington, as the representative of the 31st Division to which Major Gardner was attached, Col. George F. Keenan.

### COL. GEORGE F. KEENAN.

*Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen:—*

It is with full appreciation of my shortcomings as a speaker, and only as a military associate of him to whom you render honor tonight, that I offer a simple resumé of my association with Major Gardner, from the inception of the Dixie Division to the time of his death. In accepting your President's request to speak at this dinner, I was principally actuated by the memory that Major Gardner and myself were the only two from New England. Our military acquaintance began back in the days of the Spanish War, he, as a Captain, and myself as a private, though our service took us to widely separated fields.

In the fall of 1916, when the entire National Guard of the country was mobilized on the Mexican Border, Major Gardner, then a Congressman, decided on a personal investigation of the camps, I suppose, for the obtaining of data for use in his campaign for preparedness, paying his own expenses and living with the troops in the field. It was my privilege to have him remain as my guest with my command for a period of three days, the longest stay that he made with any unit. His scrutiny of the smallest details in matters of equipment and supplies, showed the vast amount of study that he had given the subject. His observation covered not only the troops from our own state, but those of the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Texas and New Mexico. He left me to enter Mexico with the column of General Pershing with whom he spent some little time.

On August 26, 1917, I was detached as an instructor at the Medical Officers' School and ordered to proceed to the 31st Division at

Camp Wheeler, Macon, Georgia. I arrived at Macon about 7 o'clock and proceeded to the hotel for the night. On passing through the lobby I saw a figure in khaki that looked strangely familiar and as I drew near recognized Colonel Augustus P. Gardner. Naturally I was delighted as I had not the slightest idea of the makeup of the new division. His greeting was characteristic of the man in its warmth, he recalling that we had not met since parting at El Paso in 1916. His invitation to dine was accepted, and we began the first of many subsequent dinners together. He informed me that the division was made up of what was left of the National Guard of Georgia, Florida and Alabama, after supplying units for the famous Rainbow Division. He dwelt at great length on the task of organization that lay before us, and I can distinctly remember his words:—"Keenan, the time we have is not commensurate with the amount of work to be done."

The camp, the future home of the division was some six miles out of Macon, and was a virgin plantation with beginning construction of the army buildings; there were two buildings of the shack type in a fair state of completion, and in one of these Gardner set up his office as the Division Adjutant with several inexperienced clerks as his office force. The other building, a mess hall, was used as a sleeping place by Gen. Kernan, his aide, Col. Gardner, Col. Fassett and myself, the nucleus of the later forces of 50,000 men. We made our own beds and cooked our own food until available personnel arrived. The officers and men of the Guard units began to straggle in before quarters were ready for them, and before we knew it we had 14,000, more or less helpless individuals on our hands. Here was where the wonderful organizing gift of Gardner became evident. Without fuss or display, the different organizations were assigned their plots and started on their road of training. His extreme courtesy to all, and his pleasant smile and kindly greeting to the new young officers, just arriving, are all fresh in the minds of those whose privilege it was to come in contact with him. His application to work was an object lesson to everyone, and the little sleep he allowed himself as a steady routine would hardly average three hours in twenty-four. His insistence on system, and his ability to co-ordinate in a very short time brought chaos to almost perfection. The amount of work in the creation of the new division was stupendous, yet there never seemed to be a small detail that he had not worked out and provided the solution for. Gen. Kernan, the Division Commander, was or-

dered to France, November 1st, and did not again rejoin the division. He was succeeded by General Hayden who had to receive the first draft of 15,000 men under the selective service act. Col. Gardner was given absolute charge of the assignment and developed the most remarkable scheme of placing the men according to their qualifications. The thousands of men marched into one end of a long building, were interrogated by three sets of questioners and came out the other end, assigned to the units they were best fitted for.

The training was at once started and here again the master mind of Gardner was again evident. Our men were mostly from the country sections, many of them loaded with hookworm, and practically all of them susceptible to measles and chicken-pox, the outbreak was of discouraging proportions, and in no time we had between six and seven thousand sick, the base hospital was not ready and we had a merry time trying to care for them under the small canvas hospitals at our disposal. As you will remember the winter of 1917 was very severe and in Georgia it was said to be the most severe ever known. This, together with the poor physical condition of many of the draftees, gave us a severe test for many weeks, as the pneumonia following the measles was a most severe type. Col. Gardner was splendid in his support of our efforts and his cheery encouragement certainly was a big factor in our final subjection of the epidemic.

The desire for active overseas service was growing in leaps and bounds within the breast of Gardner, and late in November he confided to me that he was going to insist on demotion to the grade of Major and ask assignment with infantry troops. I was greatly disturbed and used every argument I could devise in an attempt to dissuade him from the step. Rank meant nothing to him, only the overpowering desire to serve with line troops. I even suggested that his physical condition and age might not be able to stand the increased hardship of rough service, and right there I came the nearest to losing his friendship. He went to Washington and returned early in December with the grade of Major of infantry and was assigned to command a battalion of the 121st infantry, and I believe that it was the happiest moment of his military career. The same tireless effort, characterizing his previous work, greater, perhaps if such a thing were possible, was thrown into his new work, and was quickly evident in the battalion. His men caught his spirit and gave their best.

Shortly after the first of the new year his battalion was ordered out on the rifle range to have their target training. The cold was intense and the men suffered intensely. His efforts were to make his men comfortable and he spent practically his entire nights in looking after the details of their comfort at the expense of his own physique. On the night of the 8th of January he had a severe chill as the result of his exposure, and on the following morning was found to be carrying a temperature of 104. It was with great difficulty that he was induced to go to the base hospital. He was attended by Prof. Joseph Sailer of Philadelphia, one of the leading internists of the country. His condition became more unfavorable, kidney complications became apparent, and the progress of his pneumonia very rapid. At this time I was ordered by General Hayden to spend my entire time with him. I discussed with him the advisability of notifying Mrs. Gardner of his illness but he was firm in his desire to avoid alarming her. However, I believed it good judgment to advise her to come south and the telegram was sent. It was my privilege to meet Mrs. Gardner and escort her to the hospital. In fact, I was ordered by Gen. Hayden to devote my entire time to the carrying out of her wishes. Late Sunday night, January 13, Major Gardner became semi-conscious and it was evident that the end was not far away. *In his delirium, his mind was still working and concentrated on his favorite theme of preparedness, infallible evidence of the sincerity of his belief.*

On January 14, in the afternoon, a sudden change for the worse occurred, so sudden that I had barely time to notify Mrs. Gardner, nearby, and a great Patriot passed to his Maker.

Again it was my great privilege to make the final arrangements for the journey to Washington, and I can assure you, that it was a labor of love, for my attachment to Major Gardner was very deep indeed.

I was detailed to accompany Mrs. Gardner home and to represent the Division at the final services.

The entire battalion escorted the remains to the train, and, as the train pulled out, every officer of the division was lined up, uncovered, a remarkable tribute of the love and esteem in which he was held. The journey was made without incident, Mrs. Gardner bearing up splendidly.

On arrival in Washington, the train was met by the various



delegations, and Mrs. Gardner's father, the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge.

The offer to hold the funeral from the Capitol, an honor I believe usually reserved for Presidents, was declined by Mrs. Gardner, in deference to the expressed wishes of Major Gardner.

With full military honors of his rank, Major Gardner was laid at rest in the National Cemetery at Arlington. *I recall now the little bit of sentiment which touched me at the time. Under instructions of the Division Commander, I was to secure a single perfect red rose, and this was to be the tribute of the 31st Division. I can distinctly remember that out of the great mass of floral tributes, the little red rose of the Dixie Division, alone, with the widow's wreath, rested upon his casket.*

It was evident on my return to the division that an unfillable void had been created, and it never was filled. It is a pleasure to recall that sturdy figure, with his outstanding attributes of modesty, kindness, loyalty, determination and his fine sense of honor.

As disciples of Roosevelt and Gardner and as patriotic Americans we must see to it that the principles for which they stood are carried on. Preparedness, as preached by Gardner in our pre-war days, is as vital to this nation, today, as it was then. It has been demonstrated by history that the involvement of a nation in war is a comparatively rapid process, occurring with certainty, despite the reasoning of great minds to the contrary. As a nation we had for a moment a vision which fired us to the supreme effort. Are we going to lapse back into the old habit of drifting with the current, or are we going to remember the thousands of young men we have left behind in France and turn our thoughts to a constructive preparedness, which, if it does not keep us out of wars in the future, will at least prevent the needless sacrifice inseparable from our chronic state of unpreparedness?

"In time of peace, prepare for war" still holds good. It is fervently hoped that this generation has seen the last of war on a big scale. Nevertheless we are not prepared to admit, that the millennium has arrived, or that an army's usefulness, terminates with a war, altho a study of our military history would indicate that such a view is very generally held. From out the welter of the past few years the one fact, which must have impressed itself on the mind of every American, is the utter folly of ignoring the basic principles of na-

tional preparedness and national defense, and calmly awaiting a declaration of war, before attempting even to assemble, train, equip and properly classify and distribute the enormous numbers of men called to the colors. Such a policy pursued long enough will certainly result in our undoing. We cannot always hope to find some other nation willing to step into the breach and hold off the foe for years while we fumble and grope, legislate and investigate, waste human lives because we have no clothing or blankets, and spend billions of dollars without visible result in a belated and frenzied rush to prepare. Gardner sent forth the cry:—"Awake, America, Awake." Perhaps our efforts would not be misdirected if we endeavor to keep America awake. [Applause.]

*The Chairman.*

No one can talk any better on all angles of the life of Major Gardner than his Congressional colleague and most intimate friend, Mr. Longworth. Mr. Lufkin, who served with Mr. Longworth, speaks, advisedly, of his creditable record. He ought to know, for they, too, were in Congress, together. We can not say more of Mr. Longworth than that people have long since ceased to speak of him, first, as a son-in-law of Theodore Roosevelt. This is strong praise from The Roosevelt Club, for the Hon. Nicholas Longworth.

HON. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.

*Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen.*

In accepting the invitation tendered me by your President I said that I was prompted to do so not only by the sense of pleasure attendant upon meeting so distinguished a gathering but by a sense of duty as well, a duty to the memory of a well-beloved friend, for Major Gardner and I were friends not only during the many years of our service together in Congress but before either of us had more than an at least hazy idea of entering public life.

Curiously enough there was a rather remarkable similarity in many of the important events in our lives. This is my birthday as well as his, and should I live another year I will be celebrating the same anniversary. For at least a quarter of a century not a 5th of November passed that we did not exchange mutual felicitations either by word of mouth or telegram, or even cable.

We were elected to our first public office of any importance on the same day, he to the Massachusetts Senate and I to the Ohio House of Representatives. Each served in the Legislature of his respective state for four years, he remaining in the Senate and I two years in the House and two years in the Senate. On November 5th, 1902, our birthday, we were both elected to Congress, and from then on until his death, with the exception of two years when my constituents demanded my presence at home, we were in intimate and almost daily contact.

Speaking of those two years that I spent at the home of my fathers, leads me to mention another of the similarities in our environment. We both had fathers-in-law—and we both realized that

this relationship, to men of such gigantic intellects, did not always, politically at least, lead us towards beds of roses. In reminiscence of the campaign of 1912, may I suggest to any of you who may have ambitions to go to Congress, to see to it that, in the same campaign, your most eminent constituent is not contesting the Presidency with your father-in-law.

Gardner and I used to discuss most fully and frankly the details, from every angle of conditions existing in our respective districts, and our methods of meeting them, and to philosophize, incidentally, upon the way some men were able to be re-elected, term after term, when their methods of dealing with political conditions were so at variance. As a rule, I think, our discussions ended in substantial agreement, but certainly not infrequently they resulted in the tacit understanding, that if I could not be elected county sheriff in his district, he could not be elected ward constable in mine. Events proved no doubt that he was oftener right than I, for his service was continuous and would no doubt have been indefinite, had he wished it; while mine, as I have said, was broken for a term.

Gardner's activities in Congress were many and various, and, while most of them are dwarfed by his great services to his country as the legislative apostle of preparedness, they would have constituted in themselves a record of which any man might well feel proud. He had much to do in the framing of laws designed to prohibit the immigration of undesirable aliens, and took a prominent part in many other lines of important legislation, particularly in revenue matters after he was appointed to the Ways and Means Committee in 1913. We sat together on the Committee which framed the revenue act of 1917, which while it dealt with sums of money relatively small as compared to the Act of 1918, passed after his resignation from Congress, was incomparably the largest piece of revenue legislation ever hitherto passed by Congress. Those were the days in which we began to think in terms of billions instead of millions and it was characteristic of Gardner that the effect of taxes upon his own personal fortunes was the last thing that ever occurred to him. I remember once Claude Kitchin, the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee at that time, told me that it was a matter of surprise to him that Gardner, possessing as he did probably the most substantial fortune of any member of the Committee, seemed to be always advocating those taxes which would hurt him most.

He was a parliamentarian of the very first rank, and no one who



has not served many years in Congress knows what a vast amount of work and burning of the midnight oil that means, or what a tremendous advantage the possession of a thorough knowledge of parliamentary law gives to a Member. I do not believe that during my service in the House I have ever known more than eight or ten men upon either side of the aisle who could be classed as first grade parliamentarians, and during many years of his service Gardner easily qualified as one of these upon our side.

Most men might well have been satisfied with a legislative career which would equal Gardner's up to this point, but it was by his activities in the cause of preparedness that he won his golden spurs and a fame that will never die. Even before the war clouds began to hover over Europe he began his campaign for preparedness, without reserve and without equivocation, but his voice, loud though it was, before and even after war began to rage in Europe, was as a voice crying in the wilderness, insofar as its effect upon those in the seats of power was concerned. His warnings were received with a disregard not only open but often bordering on the contemptuous by those clothed with responsibility. I well remember the delivery of President Wilson's second annual message to the joint session of Congress, on December 8th, 1914. I was not a member of that Congress but had just been re-elected and happened to be in Washington. I sat next to Gardner, well in the front of the hall and immediately opposite the President. During the course of his speech, he had used such phrases as these :—

“The other topic I shall take leave to mention goes deeper into the principles of our national life and policy. It is the subject of national defense.

“It cannot be discussed without first answering some very searching questions. It is said in some quarters that we are not prepared for war. What is meant by being prepared? Is it meant that we are not ready upon brief notice to put a nation in the field, a nation of men training to arms? Of course we are not ready to do that; and we shall never be in time of peace so long as we retain our present political principles and institutions.

“We are at peace with all the world. No one who speaks counsel based on fact or drawn from a just and

candid interpretation of realities can say that there is reason to fear that from any quarter our independence or the integrity of our territory is threatened. Dread of the power of any other nation we are incapable of."

May I pause at this moment to contrast this last paragraph with what the President said at Milwaukee just about a year later:—

"Everywhere the atmosphere of the world is thrilling with the passion of a disturbance such as the world has never seen before, and it is wise, in the words just uttered by your chairman, that we should see that our own house is set in order and that everything is done to make certain that we shall not suffer by the general conflagration."

And at St. Louis a few days later, when he said:—

"The danger is not from within, gentlemen; it is from without, and I am bound to tell you that that danger is constant and immediate, not because anything new has happened, not because there has been any change in our international relationships within recent weeks or months, but because the danger comes with every turn of events."

But the really dramatic period of the President's message was reached when he said:—

"But I turn away from the subject. It is not new. There is no new need to discuss it. We shall not alter our attitude toward it because some amongst us are nervous and excited."

*As the President pronounced these words he put down his manuscript, paused, and looked straight at Gardner, who was as I said sitting only a few feet from him, a rather contemptuous smile hovering about his mouth. I remember that Gardner straightened suddenly up in his seat, and for a moment I thought he intended to reply to the President, but he wisely refrained from doing so.*

Far from being discouraged by such events as these, Gardner proceeded in his campaign with ever renewed vigor, and brought to his task a knowledge of military technique so complete, an energy so vast and a purpose to force home the truth so indomitable as to have

been surpassed by one man and one man only in all America, and that was the man whose name your Club bears. History will recall that Roosevelt and Gardner were the two Americans of all others who did most to warn their country of the inevitable result of a continued policy of pacifism in the face of the greatest holocaust the world has ever known.

I am not here to criticize or philosophize or to speculate upon what might have happened if some things had been done and others left undone, but I am frankly of the opinion that had our Government followed the policy stressed by Roosevelt and Gardner and their aiders and abettors, had it taken a firm stand in our dealings with Mexico, had it made it clear to the world that we would insist, and prepared ourselves to be thoroughly capable of insistence upon the preservation of all our rights, that there might have been no war, and if there had been Germany would have never dared to perpetrate the atrocities she did and the war might have involved much less and have been sooner over. Had Theodore Roosevelt or Warren Harding been President there would have been no sinking of the Lusitania. Certain it is that even if a war of the late war's proportions would not have been avoided, had this country made thorough preparation a reasonable time in advance, our loss in blood and treasure would have been infinitely less. Mourning would have come to far fewer homes and we would not now be staggering under the tremendous tax burdens which hinder industry, cause unemployment, and annoy and harass every man and woman in America.

I have never known whether Gardner became discouraged at the failure of his preachments to be translated into action, but the fact is that some months before we entered the war, which he regarded as inevitable, he became convinced that his sphere of usefulness lay in active military service. He reached this conclusion against the advice of I think practically all of his friends, and I was one of them, who believed that he ought to stay in Congress, not only because of his unique knowledge of military and naval subjects and of the service he had rendered and would be even in larger degree able to render in preparing the country for war, but also of his physical condition, for we knew that while outwardly he appeared to be an active and vigorous man, that his heart was not what it ought to be. I know, for instance, that he had had to give up tennis and squash which we used to play together a great deal and that it even bothered him to walk about the golf links, but his fighting spirit

was such that he would not listen to our advice, and in December of 1917 he successfully passed the examinations as a reserve officer of the Spanish War, which made him eligible for and subject to active duty at any time.

Only a few weeks after we declared war he received his summons, resigned his seat in Congress, and joined the colors with the rank of colonel. In this new field of activity Gardner again proved his strength and uniqueness of character. He is the only military officer of the United States so far as I know who ever asked for a demotion rather than a promotion. At his own request, he was demoted from the rank of colonel to that of major. His ambition was not for rank; it was for active service. He wanted to go to France and thought that his chance for service there was better as a major in the field rather than as a colonel on staff duty. It was death alone that foiled his ambition and it was a death to my mind to the full as glorious as if it had come upon the battlefields of France under the guns of the enemy.

I have never known a pall so gloomy as hovered over Congress at the news of Gardner's death. Men were sad who barely knew him. To those who had the privilege of his friendship it assumed the proportions of a grave individual loss. To myself it was comparable only to the death of a member of my immediate family. Had it not been for the expressed wish of his own family his memory would have been accorded the unique distinction of having the funeral ceremony solemnized in the Capitol of his country. As it was Congress accorded him the unprecedented honor of adjourning although he was not a sitting member out of respect to his memory. We missed him greatly then. We miss him still. We miss his kindly and genial personality, his robust devotion to duty, his fiery and intense patriotism. But our grief in our loss is somewhat assuaged by our sure knowledge that when the history of the last decade is written, when the services of public men to the American nation in time of its greatest need, is fully weighed and appraised, high upon the honor roll will appear the name of Augustus Peabody Gardner, soldier, patriot and gallant gentleman. [Applause.]

[Mr. Longworth, because of his necessary return to Washington, and the late hour, retires from the Hall, kissing the hand of Mrs. Minot.]



### *The Chairman.*

The Roosevelt Club has built this Dinner up to that climax which reserves the best to the end, which marks the perfect performance. It is under a deep obligation to the young daughter, on my right, in the seat of honor, for her appearance, here, tonight, to talk for the family. She has the blood of politics in her veins, for more than one generation.

I have the honor of introducing, Mrs. Constance Gardner Minot.  
[Applause—all standing.]

### MRS. CONSTANCE GARDNER MINOT.

*Mr. Chairman, Members of The Roosevelt Club, and Fellow Guests:*

I am very much gratified and greatly honored at having been asked to speak here this evening. I am a comparative newcomer in politics, that is to say, I have only been sailing a little while under my own flag, though I have been an interested observer for a good many years. Like most novices, I am deeply pleased to be allowed to sit among the elect.

This particular organization must appeal to every ardent Republican as a virile, progressive, intelligent body. It would necessarily stand for those qualities in order to live up to the memory of the great man whose name it bears. Indeed, no association can ever fail, which succeeds in carrying on, as does this one, the principles of Americanism as typified by Theodore Roosevelt.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I realize that I have been invited here to speak because I am the daughter of a man whom you all loved and admired. This dinner is a tribute to his memory and you are gathered here to honor him. It has been suggested to me that I give you some intimate sidelights on my father as I knew him, with perhaps a few personal anecdotes added. I want to say that there is no new aspect of his personality which can be presented here because he gave, while he lived, wholeheartedly and generously of himself to his friends. Everyone had a share in the real Augustus Peabody Gardner.

My father and I were very intimate companions. I believe I understood him, and in this belief, I am going to talk to you this evening about one of the subjects which most influenced his destiny. I cannot tell you anecdotes or stories for I feel that this is a time

and an occasion for something more. We are faced, all of us, with the greatest problem this generation can ever know. I am neither very wise nor very experienced, but it is my problem as well as yours. As my father's daughter I feel that the hope of civilization lies in an intelligent facing of facts in regard to this tremendously vital subject—the subject of preparedness. If we prefer, we may approach it from the negative end and call it—disarmament. In any event, we all have a personal responsibility in regard to this question, and we cannot hope for a working solution if we ignore the practical side any more than if we ignore the idealistic side.

There is a tendency among certain people to look at this matter from a sentimental point of view. Hundreds of letters have been received by our delegates to the disarmament conference, urging that the United States lay down her arms as an example to the world. Even the most casual student of history cannot fail to perceive the folly of such a suggestion. The individual, man or woman, who puts forth an idea of that kind is not facing facts. We are not dealing with philanthropists but with nations, and all nations are, necessarily, fairly materialistic and fairly self-seeking. It is a part of national pride and national survival. In fact, their life depends on it. It is criminal to continue the monstrous waste of public money on competitive armament, but it is more criminal to imperil the integrity of our national life by placing ourselves in a defenseless position where we cannot hope to wield any authority or to preserve our national honor. We need all our patience, all our idealism, all our splendid traditions to carry us through this trying period with decency and success.

One of the great factors in maintaining our high stand, must, and will be, the women of the United States. Women undoubtedly bring a fresh inspiration and a new element of clean, unprejudiced thinking into the politics of our country. Their help in the solution of national problems will, I believe, prove invaluable, but we women cannot afford to ignore the lessons of history or to eliminate from our minds the principles of political economy. If we are to use the privilege of suffrage successfully, we must not overlook the practical side of national and international relationships.

We are confronted today, not with a new phase, but with a condition as old as the race. Human nature, in the year 1921, when stripped of the trappings of modern civilization, shows the same inhibitions, the same reactions in a crisis as it has through the cen-

turies. There are no new truths. There are only everchanging attitudes towards old truths. If we recognize this fact, it is only too apparent that the millennium cannot be at hand. We can do much to readjust expenditure on armament. We can come to a better international understanding; but in order to further any constructive policy we must not disregard logic, common sense, or any other lessons of the historical parallel. Intelligent, well-balanced preparedness is the best guarantee against war. An extravagant armament program is disastrous from both an ethical and a practical point of view, but the surest way to encourage the passion of war in other nations is to lay ourselves open to invasion by totally crippling our defenses. No amount of argument can then save us from national ruin.

Long after we have passed on, struggling humanity will still be bringing its best efforts to the solving of problems such as these, but we can greatly lighten the burden of posterity by playing our part, here and now, with intelligence and courage, not turning our backs on the truth, and yet throughout, never letting hard facts rob us of the dream.

[Applause. All standing.]

[The end of the speaking.]

[ OVER ]

## LETTERS.

READ BY THE CHAIRMAN BETWEEN THE SPEECHES

1817 H. STREET,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

November 2, 1921.

*Dear Mr. Washburn:*

I am truly sorry that I cannot go to the "Gardner dinner" on November 5th, but it is impossible for me to leave Washington at this time.

That The Roosevelt Club should thus honour my husband's memory gives me a great deal of pleasure.

What pleases me, even more, is the feeling that those who are gathered together on Major Gardner's fifty-sixth birthday anniversary, are present because they not only admired him, but truly loved him. I am grateful to you all for this expression of your feeling, and evidence of your remembrance.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

CONSTANCE GARDNER.

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### THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

October 26, 1921.

Hon. Robert M. Washburn,  
President, The Roosevelt Club,  
89 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

*My dear Mr. Washburn:*

It is with the greatest regret that I find a previous engagement will prevent me from attending the dinner of the Roosevelt Club on November 5th, the Fifty-sixth Anniversary of the birth of the late Hon. Augustus Peabody Gardner, and which you will celebrate as "Gardner Night."

Mr. Gardner as a member of Congress was a faithful servant of Massachusetts. Mr. Gardner as an apostle of preparedness, who backed his words with his enlistment in active service, stands forth



as one of the men who aroused America to save her own honor. The deeds of this devoted and useful son of Massachusetts ought to be recalled. They are an inspiration and a challenge to better citizenship.

Very truly yours,

CHANNING H. COX.

---

THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S CHAMBER,  
WASHINGTON.

October 22, 1921.

Hon. Robert M. Washburn,  
President of the Roosevelt Club,  
Boston, Mass.

*My dear Senator Washburn:*

It is exceedingly appropriate that the birthday of Major Augustus P. Gardner should be observed, and I very much wish that I could be present to take an active part in your exercises.

I have always been very proud of the fact that Major Gardner was my friend. He was a public servant of courage, diligence and capacity, who said what he would do and would do what he said. He did not regard life as something about which to theorize, but as a call to action. He never asked his associates to go where he did not lead. The public life of man and the nation was enriched by his example and glorified by his sacrifice. There is no honor too high, no tribute too great to be paid to his memory.

Very truly yours,

CALVIN COOLIDGE.

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HARVARD COLLEGE, CLASS OF 1886,  
Thomas Tileston Baldwin, Class Secretary.  
201 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.,

October 25, 1921.

Hon. Robert M. Washburn,  
President of The Roosevelt Club,  
Boston.

*My dear Mr. Washburn:*

I beg to thank you for the very kind invitation to the dinner of The Roosevelt Club on November fifth in honor of the fifty-sixth

birthday of my class-mate, Augustus Peabody Gardner. I regret that as I shall be out of town at that time, it is impossible for me to accept.

At Harvard, Gardner's class mates recognized his great ability, his independence, and his strong character; they elected him Secretary of his class for the four years in college, and, in 1896, made him a member of the Class Committee.

His political career interested them, and they were gratified when political honors came to him. Whether they agreed or disagreed with him on political questions, they admired his political courage and honesty. Nor have they forgotten his great service to the country in the cause of preparedness. More than all, they admired the patriotism which called him into military service in the Spanish War and in the Great War. The fine lesson in patriotism which he gave, in resigning his seat in Congress, and in entering, for a second time, into active military life, was, perhaps, his greatest public service.

Faithfully yours,

THOMAS TILESTON BALDWIN.

---

THE SPEAKER'S ROOMS  
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 26, 1921.

Mr. R. M. Washburn,  
President, The Roosevelt Club,  
89 State Street, Boston, Mass.

*Dear Washburn:*

Thank you for your kind invitation to the dinner on Gardner's birthday, and I wish very much I could be with you, but my duties here make it impossible.

He was one of my most intimate friends, so I know well his intellectual power and brilliancy, his dauntless courage, his untiring industry and unrivalled ingenuity,—a combination of unusual qualities which was sure to make him prominent anywhere and secured for him great influence and usefulness here.

I regret exceedingly that I cannot express at your dinner my affectionate regard.

Sincerely,

FREDERICK H. GILLET.

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
Washington.

October, 24, 1921.

Honorable R. M. Washburn,  
President, The Roosevelt Club,  
89 State Street, Boston, Mass.

*Dear Mr. Washburn:*

I am sorry I shall not be able to accept your invitation to the dinner party to be given in honor of the 56th birthday of Augustus P. Gardner on November fifth. My engagements and duties here are such that it is impossible for me to accept any invitations which will take me away from Washington for other than military purposes. If I could do so, I should certainly come to your dinner.

You may be interested in what I said about Major Gardner in a very impromptu manner when Congress was informed of his death:

"I am very glad that this gives me an opportunity to make one or two comments which I think may not be out of place at this time. Mr. Gardner was a man of strong views. It was not necessary to agree with his conclusions in order to recognize his courage and independence of expression. That has been typical of his career during the 16 years he served in the House of Representatives. His early training led him to have positive views on the question of his country's preparedness. More than 20 years ago he was a member of the Massachusetts State Senate and chairman of the military committee of that body. Later he served with credit in the Spanish-American War. He served in the Massachusetts militia, and his natural aptitude and taste for military subjects were instrumental in bringing him to the conclusion that this Government was totally unprepared and it would be criminally negligent to allow such a condition to continue. Having these views and the enthusiasm of the evangelist of the Billy Sunday type, he did not hesitate to strike and strike hard in favor of the views he entertained. It may be justly said of him that he had quite as much to do as any other man in centering attention on our military condition and military necessities. However, he not only preached but he acted, and when we declared war, although he had passed the meridian of life, he did not hesitate to go into service in a branch of the Army suitable for one of his years and physical condition. But even this did not satisfy his sense of

obligation and duty, for he voluntarily—and this is one of the few instances in my knowledge of such action being taken—asked that he be demoted from the rank of colonel to that of major so that he might serve directly with troops. By doing so he has set an example to the youth of this country, especially to a large number of young men with whom we are more or less familiar who have endeavored to get into branches of the service not of the fighting forces. In serving his country he has met his death with as much courage and devotion as if he had lost his life in the trenches in France.”

Sincerely yours,

JOHN W. WEEKS.

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HEADQUARTERS FIRST CORPS AREA  
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL

Boston 9, Mass., October 21, 1921.

Honorable R. M. Washburn,

President, The Roosevelt Club, Boston, Mass.

*My Dear Mr. Washburn:*

I have your letter of October 19th. I have already written expressing my regrets to Colonel Blanchard, but I cannot break an engagement of long standing to attend this 56th birthday of Augustus P. Gardner. I thank you much as President for your invitation. Colonel Gardner was my personal friend of many years' standing.

I recall my discouragement in the years between 1901 and 1912, when I encountered so many deaf-ears in Congress to the positive menace of our unpreparedness. At first I found Colonel Gardner incredulous in that he thought my statement as to the country's unpreparedness was exaggerated.

He finally said to me one day: "Why are you so insistent to convince me?" "Because," I said, "I find one out of a thousand of men who dares take up the torch and lead the way and be proof against this enveloping pacifism that promises the ruination of the country, and who has the ability and courage and self-sacrificing devotion to this good old country of ours to be proof against ridicule, criticism and even defamation, which is bound to occur before the people will be enlightened," and, I said, "I believe you are that man."

Immediately he commenced to look into the facts that I presented. As a matter of history, now, he was the one out of a thousand who

dared and succeeded as soon as he became convinced as to the truth.

After I was relieved and sent to Texas and afterwards at Hawaii he constantly wrote me and evinced the keenest interest, really made it his life's work to arouse the people. His unique method in inviting, at his own expense, all the Reserves of our Regular Army, a total of sixteen, to dine with him, having the stage all set for full publicity; and he interviewed the press after he had succeeded in presenting his views personally to the President, which could have been done by no one else, only Gus Gardner.

Most of this time he was a doomed man, and I believe had been advised by his doctor of the necessity of taking care of his health and saving himself in every way. As is well known he sought a commission in the Reserves, and then when War broke, I joined his other friends who had knowledge of his vital importance in the House, urging him not to volunteer. He could not be persuaded as to what was his plain duty, and ignored his physical disability. I officially applied for him as Adjutant of the 26th Division. He was keen to get over there among the first. The application was disapproved and he wrote me a sincere letter of regret.

He did not make friends readily, but when he gave a man his friendship I think he was one of the truest, most devoted, loyal friend and man I have ever met in all my experience.

He died the same kind of a death that a man dies walking up against a bunch of machine-gun nests, for the cause and for the truth. A splendid man.

I merely dictate this hurriedly to show you how honored I would be to pay my tribute before your distinguished dinner guests.

Sincerely yours,

C. R. EDWARDS.

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UNITED STATES SENATE,  
COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS.

October 22, 1921.

Robert M. Washburn,

President, The Roosevelt Club, Boston, Mass.

*My dear Mr. Washburn:*

I have your letter of October 19th and your kind invitation to be present at the dinner on November 5th in commemoration of the fifty-sixth birthday of Augustus P. Gardner. That date comes just



on the eve of the International Conference for the Limitation of Armament, of which I am a member, and that fact, together with the very many pressing and important measures now before Congress, makes it impossible for me to leave Washington. To me, this is a very deep disappointment because for every reason I should wish to be with The Roosevelt Club on such an occasion as your commemoration of Major Gardner's birthday.

Major Gardner was a man not only of eminently great ability but of very noble character. He had reached a position of the highest distinction in the House of Representatives and was one of the leaders of that great body. He laid down his commission as a Member of Congress and entered the Army, being at the time a colonel in the Reserve Corps. He was given the high rank of Adjutant General of a Division, one of the most important of military positions, but he was not satisfied to serve in any capacity except in the line. His one desire was to lead his men in battle. He therefore gave up the rank of colonel and took the rank of major and the command of a battalion. With his Division he went to the Camp at Macon, Georgia, and devoted himself with his usual untiring industry and unflagging zeal to the work of drilling and organizing his men. While thus engaged, he was seized with malignant pneumonia and in a few days was dead.

It seems to me that his was a very splendid career of service to the country, both in peace and war, crowned at the end by the sacrifice of his life. He was one of the men whom the country honored, and Massachusetts cannot but feel an especial pride in his life of patriotic service which had such an untimely end.

Please present my greetings to the Club and express to them the deep satisfaction which it is to me that they should so honor one who was to me one of my nearest and dearest for many years.

Sincerely yours,

H. C. LODGE.

THE END OF THE DINNER.



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